Volume LXXV CHICAGO, JUNE 17, 1915 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Where Are You Going This Summer?

You May Not Want to Go to Europe This Year

BUT THE TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON OF TOWER HILL WILL OPEN FOR LOVERS OF QUIET FROM JULY FIRST TO SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH. THE TWENTY-SIXTH SESSION OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL WILL BEGIN JULY 18, AND CLOSE AUGUST 15 WITH THE MEETING OF THE NINTH TOWER HILL CONGRESS, MISS LUTIE E. STEARNS AND MISS ZONA GALE, COMMITTEE.

MR. JONES' CLASS IN RELIGION WILL CONCERN ITSELF WITH THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY, STUDYING THE NEW TESTAMENT IN ITS APPROXIMATE CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER, THE MOST IMPORTANT AND MOST INTERESTING YEAR IN THE SEVEN YEARS' COURSE.

THE LATER POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LITERATURE OF PEACE WILL BE SPECIALLY STUDIED.

AUTOMOBILE CONNECTION WITH TRAINS TWICE A DAY AND IMPROVED ROADS MAKE THE RIDE MORE ENJOYABLE THAN EVER. BOARD AT THE DINING HALL $5 AND $6 A WEEK OR $1.00 A DAY. ROOMS AND COTTAGES FROM $3 TO $12 PER WEEK. SPECIAL RATES BY THE SEASON. COTTAGES FOR THE SEASON FROM $50 UP. SEVERAL DESIRABLE COTTAGES ARE AVAILABLE.

For further particulars send for pamphlet or write to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Superintendent, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 243
Editorial Wanderings 245

CONTRIBUTED—
A Soul's Tragedy.—Evelyn H. Walker....247
My Library—XXVII.—Smith Baker....250

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. XVIII. Pedigree and Birth Stories....251

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living.—*Jean Paul Richter*....253
An American in Europe.—*Henry Van Dyke*....253
A Perfect Little Home.—*Helen Hunt Jackson* 253
The Robin a Barometer.—*London Mail*....253
When Little Sister Came.—*Joaquin Miler*....253

POETRY—
The Great Companionship.—*Isaac Ogden Rankin*.243
A Day and a Friend—*Obadiah Cyrus Auringer*...247
Transformation.—*William Brunton* 249
Ferns in the City.—*Clinton Scollard*....251

THE FIELD—
Boycott the Fly....254
Will-to-Peace Versus Will-to-War.—*F. Herbert Stead* 254
Bobby Gaylor's Creed....255

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

W. H. KIDWELL & SON
Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.

Florists and Decorators

923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830

3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

The Boulevard Florist
Telephone, Douglas 6461
405 East 39th Street
NEAR GRAND BOULEVARD
Chicago 2 Big Stores
Our Specialty
American Beauties, European and Domestic Plants, Freshly Cut Flowers for All Occasions, Swinging Baskets, Ferns, etc.
FREE *help make Chicago beautiful* FREE
Large sample lots of flower and vegetable seeds given away to our customers daily

Telephone, Douglas 665

John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS

3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

FOR **Ice Cream**
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1915. Number 16

THE GREAT COMPANIONSHIP

Bring not trifling tales to me
Here in the green shade of the tree:
Nor webs of spidery thought that bind
To earth the free wings of the mind.

But if there be some voice that sings
The heart away from vexing things—
Born of man's birth, yet rich and fine
As streams that laugh, as stars that shine,
Keyed to the music of the breeze,
Blithe with the gladness of the trees,
Deep as the word the prophet spoke,
Patient, like God's thought in the oak,
As genial-humorous as the gay
Smile of the wise on a troubled day,
Alert, foreseeing, strong and clear
As the great changes of the year—
That great companionship and deep
Here in the cool shade let me keep.

—*Isaac Ogden Rankin.*

An extreme case of American "neutrality" was recently discovered in an orphan asylum when a little Jewish lad six or seven years old of Russian descent was indignant over the fact that he had to be inflicted with German measles. "Isn't that awful!" exclaimed his little patriotic heart. Poor little boy! The wrongs that pursue him come from a wide geographical range.

The Chicago Bulletin from the Department of Health for May 22 is a learned analysis of cancer statistics for the last eighteen years, the result of which was a steady increase in the deaths from this cause in all ages. The results thus far obtained by the various research commissions and laboratories seem to be nearly unanimous that it is not a germ disease, but that continued irritations are among its disposing causes and that "early diagnosis and immediate surgical treatment are the only procedures that offer any safety to the patient."

The *Friends' Intelligencer* of Philadelphia of recent date gives its first page to a discussion of how to increase the membership of the Society of Friends. It confesses its distrust of proselyting; still it reminds its readers that the Friends are not "a body of saints set apart from the taint of the world, but a group of ordinary human beings, each with his own faults, endeavoring to help others to live righteously." The *Intelligencer* would avoid the impression that they are an exclusive set; it would advertise its meetings, welcome strangers, help the young to reconcile themselves to their silence, have good libraries in their meeting houses and start clubs and associations with their main meeting place in the meeting house; and it does not think that this house is too sacred for other entertainments, for anything that is good for the Society or community is sacred enough to be held in the meeting house. All this is good advice in any church.

The Non-Smokers' Protective League of America is to hold its convention under the Exposition management at San Francisco on July 16 and 17. Among those who are announced as contributors to the program are Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley of Washington, Prof. Burt C. Wilder, now of Brooklyne, Mass., and Dr. Herbert H. Fidswell of England. This society promulgates two declarations that cannot be challenged, viz.: 1. The inalienable right of every person to breathe and enjoy fresh and pure air, uncontaminated by disagreable odors and fumes. 2. That tobacco smoking in public and semi-public places is a direct imposition upon this right. It is dangerous to public health, offensive and annoying to individuals and intolerable even in itself. The objects of the society are four, namely: 1. Enforcement of laws, ordinances, rules or regulations prohibiting tobacco smoking in public and semi-public places. To secure the enactment of additional laws, etc., to further secure such rights. 3. Creation of wholesome opinion concerning these matters. 4. The establishing of auxiliary branches, educational departments to publish and distribute their literature and maintain a lecture bureau. With all of which the Editor of Unity has large sympathy and pledges his hearty co-operation.

The wisdom of President Wilson is not to be localized or specialized. He is not only wise at times, but he is wise at all times. He is an all around man. His sanity comes from a broad culture. His deliberation and patience testify to a great spiritual synthesis which we call character. *Collier's* for May 29 gives a witty extract from what it calls a "good speech" recently delivered by President Wilson in Philadelphia to the newly naturalized citizens of that city. The following extract is wholesome antidote for the flood of gush against hyphenated Americans and the screams of the alarmists, who would have us believe that they are lying awake nights worrying over the offscourings of Europe that they see pour-

ing through the American gates destined to meet a similar stream of Asiatic invaders from the West:

"A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. That is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome.

"If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me.

"I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise."

"In the ability to face ugly truths and yet still have faith lies the strength of the idealist. He, not the blind dreamer, is the true idealist," says *Collier's*.

Uncle Sam as a business man is coming to the front in many ways. We have already called attention to his success as a banker in another "Note." He is scoring no less significant a success as a real estate man. Secretary Houston, the head of the Agricultural Department, is now making an extensive tour through the national forests of the West, examining water powers, water supplies and studying further how to turn to profitable use the great reservations without destroying them. He is already pasturing for individuals 16,000,000 head of cattle, sheep and hogs. This business will have grown to the extent of $1,200,000 over previous years. There are at the present time 16,000 homesteads leased within the national forests, representing 1,700,000 acres of forest land. Thirty-seven thousand special permits have been issued in the last ten years granting, for reasonable charges, permission to conduct commercial enterprises on national forest land, such as apiaries, barns, boat houses, botanical gardens, cemeteries, churches, golf links, hotels, observatories, orchards, restaurants, sanitariums, etc., etc. Generous concessions are made, for reasonable consideration, to encourage farmers, local settlers, etc. Fourteen million feet of lumber were sold to such people last year at cost. The timber sales of Uncle Sam amount to a million and a quarter a year. Over two thousand cottages have been built as summer residences. Those who want to enjoy rather than destroy these great, beautiful places are multiplying; picnicing camps and play ground activities are being encouraged.

However unsatisfactory William H. Taft may have been to certain progressives in politics, when it comes to religion he "wears his heart upon his sleeve" with commendable independence. The Executive Committee of the General Unitarian Conference made no mistake in asking him to preside at their biennial meeting to be held in San Francisco this summer, and the fact that he has accepted is characteristic of the man. At the breakfast tendered to the ex-President in the Parish House of the Unitarian Church at Madison, Wisconsin, during his recent visit, he said:

"I do not recall a meeting that has given me as much pleasure as this one. To meet a live church is a privilege that I heartily enjoy."

"The Unitarian faith is not generally understood; there is a misconception regarding it, and he felt this strongly while a candidate for the presidency, as he more than once received requests from his supporters asking him to deny by wire the gross libel that he was a Unitarian. Professor Taft declared that the spirit of Unitarianism has entered the evangelical churches, which are working together to elevate the individual, strengthen the character and bring about an era of good works. No longer do we hear the doctrinal sermons in churches, but rather the discourses of services and character, teaching the intimate life of Jesus on earth, instead of dwelling on the dogmas, as was the custom fifty to one hundred years ago. The Unitarian church disseminates broad, liberal ideas throughout the country and while they are not so many they are an earnest body of men and women working for the uplift of humanity here and now.

"Professor Taft felt that if the ultimate fate of Unitarians was the lower regions, to which they were generally consigned in years past, it really would be a desirable place after all.

"He enumerated the several presidents of the United States who were Unitarians and declared that Thomas Jefferson, who was commonly called an infidel, was a religious man in the real sense of the word."

The breakfast was held in the beautiful dining-room of the Parish House, covers being laid for 125 persons. Dr. C. H. Vilas, who caused the Parish House to be erected and who is now erecting a parsonage for the Madison Society, presided. At his right sat Professor Taft and at his left the Governor of Wisconsin. Rev. F. A. Gilmore, pastor of the church, spoke of the contributions that Unitarians have made to the national life and welfare in education, business, science and literature. Wherever found, he declared, they were always working for the betterment of the community, whether president or civilian, in public or in private life.

The May 29 issue of the *Reform Advocate* is a notable one. It is a double number, on special paper, profusely illustrated and is devoted to the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Doctor Samuel Hirsch, the father of our neighbor and colleague, Doctor Emil G. Hirsch. It is seldom that striking power, particularly, at least, on ministerial lines, is so transmitted to father and son as in the case of Samuel and Emil Hirsch. Doctor Hirsch, the elder, was a pioneer in reforming Judaism. His career began in Germany and ended as a Rabbi of a Philadelphia congregation. He was a man who combined philosophic power with aggressive initiative reform. He was the first to put to practice the adaptation of Jewish rites to modern conditions by holding the religious services on the Sunday set apart by surrounding society rather than on the Saturday intensely preoccupied by the constant and necessary Gentile world. His son, in the leading article in this paper, gives a historical study of much interest showing how his father entered into the problems of two continents and modified the practice of his people both in Germany and in America. The "Study" is augmented by an historical article by Doctor Kohler of Cincin-

nati, another on Doctor Samuel Hirsch as a philosophical reformer of Judaism by Doctor Landsberg of Rochester, N. Y., and others by Doctor Sale of St. Louis and the Rev. William Armhold. The number is further enriched by a lecture from the learned father himself on the "Religion of Humanity." On his monument in the Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago, there is inscribed:

"THE FIRST TO ADOPT WITHOUT COMPROMISE AND HESITATION THE PRINCIPLES HE TAUGHT AND CONSECRATED TO THE MEMORY OF DR. SAMUEL HIRSCH, BORN IN THALFANGEN, RHENISH PRUSSIA, JUNE 8, 1815. DIED IN CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 14, 1889.

"FOR FIFTY YEARS OF ACTIVE LIFE AS RABBI BOTH IN EUROPE AND IN THE UNITED STATES HE WAS THE MOST FEARLESS AND CONSISTENT CHAMPION OF ENLIGHTENED LIBERAL JUDAISM AND BY WORDS OF MOUTH AND PEN NEVER TIRED OF HOLDING UP ITS TENETS AS FUNDAMENTALLY THE DOCTRINES DESTINED TO BE THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY."

"LOOK NEITHER TO THE RIGHT, NOR TO THE LEFT, BUT CONFIDENT OF THE INVINCIBLE POWER OF TRUTH, ADVANCE, THOSE WHO NOW LAG BEHIND WILL FOLLOW, AND THOSE WHO NOW OPPOSE WILL SOONER OR LATER ENDORSE OUR MOVEMENT."

It is not often in these days that the complacency of a city, particularly a western city, is disturbed and the public spirit aroused or popular demonstrations enthusiastically maintained on the threatened loss of a favorite pastor. But such a spiritual storm swept over Cedar Rapids, Iowa, when it was known that St. Paul, Minnesota, was negotiating for the removal of our colleague, the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton. Mr. Newton has so endeared himself to the town that he is no longer pastor of one of the churches, but the recognized spiritual interpreter, the intellectual guide of the whole community. He has become "a defender of the faith" in truth and indeed. As a prominent educational citizen expresses it, he has put Cedar Rapids on the map, intellectually and spiritually. UNITY has held its breath waiting for a solution of this loving contest for a loving man. Whether his field of labor is to be Cedar Rapids or St. Paul, he would be a light, laboring in the UNITY field. But we congratulate the citizens of the former place and of Iowa and all those who believe that the pastor's office has still its sacred possibilities for continuous service, over the decision of Mr. Newton to remain to further water the seed and train the vines which he has planted. The following account of "An Unusual Meeting" in the local paper tells an interesting story:

AN UNUSUAL MEETING

It seldom falls to the lot of a minister to address such an audience as that which gathered at Dr. Joseph Fort Newton's church last evening. Dr. Newton has spoken before audiences of almost every kind, but it remained for him to experience Monday night's new sensations.

Not until yesterday morning did the public learn that Dr. Newton was considering removal to the People's church pastorate, St. Paul, Minn. When the report of his contemplated departure spread about the city the remonstrative sentiment crystalized immediately. Officers of the Commercial club, Ad club, Elk's club, Rotary club, Masonic lodge and other similar organizations took action with the result that those bodies were well represented at the mass meeting in the evening. Such a representation as this, added to the large assemblage of people from churches of various denominations, served to prove how widely Dr. Newton is appreciated in Cedar Rapids.

The Liberal Christian church is by no means in sole possession. That church is far better known as "Joseph Fort Newton's church." And it has been predicted that Cedar Rapids will some day be known as Joseph Fort Newtons city.

Men who accomplish things too seldom are appreciated while they are in a position to gain self-satisfaction. It is not until they are gone that the praise long due them is given without reserve. Monday evening's demonstration was the exception, rather than the rule, and Dr. Newton's declaration that if he returns from St. Paul next week with his mind made up to remain here, Cedar Rapids will be his home "once and for all" was eminently gratifying to his hosts of friends.

Editorial Wanderings

A SMALL COLLEGE. Last week a commencement address before a small college lifted once again the curtain on a most interesting side show in the educational life of the United States, one which calls for a revaluation of pedagogical theories. The "big universities," the great colleges, with their overflowing dormitories, their spacious campuses, their "fraternities" and "sororities," athletic contests, musical performances and social functions occupy the front of the stage. They rise with irresistable fascination before the mind of the ever-increasing multitude of high school boys and girls who are determined to go farther for the joy of companionship if for no other reason. These colleges mean the ever-increasing number of wealthy parents who are determined to give their children the best that money can buy in the culture market, but it means also the still larger number of parents who are determined that their children are to have the privileges that were beyond their reach, if sacrifice of individual needs, strenuous work and heroic self-denial can secure such. But what of this small college on a sightly situation with an undeveloped campus, with its pious traditions, devout elders, consecrated deacons who fifty or seventy-five years ago, with solemn observances laid the foundations in the "Openings" of what they dared to believe would become a great university some day. But the struggle for existence worked severely among this multitude of baby colleges with which the prophetic pioneers of the Middle West dotted the prairies and crowned the hilltops. The "State University" came in, the lines of education broadened, science as well as the Bible claimed the attention of the young. Sectarian enthusiasm waned, denominational patriotism proved inadequate, and what was the main-spring of the embryonic institution became its handicap, a fetter to its growth, and now its carries in its heart and on its record books many disappointments, unexpected difficulties, the

worst of which are found in the traditions of "factions" and "schisms," suspicions, jealousies,—diseases incident to anæmic life. It is the weak child that is most subject to children's diseases. But still through all these privations and disappointments there has been developed the courage that makes for nobility, the self-sacrifice that produces the noblest graces that can decorate a gentleman or a lady. This "little college" boasts of its couple of hundred students, rejoices in its triumphant class of less than two dozen. And on Commencement Day the old hopes are revived, high ideals are generated and the visiting orator, if at all susceptible to the intangible forces that make for nobility, feels that he is walking on sacred ground. The inadequate little faculty may be largely made up of preachers promoted from the circuit, or veteran elders selected more from their spiritual insight than their academic honors. Out of the eight or ten boys in the Graduating Class, half of them are looking towards the ministry of religion, nay more, they are already devoted messengers of the Gospel, winning their way through a college course by preaching on Sunday. If one stays long enough and is sensitive to spiritual forces he will realize how the country churches, cross-road school houses for a hundred miles around are maintaining Sunday services through the more or less regular visitation of "students from the College."

What a home-coming is this reunion on the campus! There is no brass band, no processionals or recessionals, but few caps and gowns, but every word spoken on the graduating platform has been beaten out on the anvil of severe experience and the vision is still theirs.

We need not locate this college. One description answers for many scores of such colleges scattered throughout the Mississippi Valley. This "commencement" can be located anywhere from Ohio to Kansas, and wherever you find them, you find a radiant point in the spiritual life of the Middle West, still fertile ground for the growth of spiritual habits.

Most of these little colleges have got to go. Something better may take their place. But they represent something very fine and high and their contribution to the better life of our nation is unspeakable, and he who walks their campus may well "take off his shoes, for whereon he stands is holy ground." To whom is given the privilege of speaking the anniversary word to such graduating classes as is here offered with a background of labor-bent mothers and horny-handed fathers who have come from far country sides and brought their baskets along with them, may well rejoice in a great opportunity and be assured that he is talking to nation-makers out of which will come many, aye, a fair proportion of the scholars of the next generation.

A College Girl Returning Home. She was robed in a delicate sky-blue silk, with lots of tags and slits and omissions in the pattern. She wore white pumps with heels impossible to anybody but a young lady expert in the use of such. She chewed gum, she was steeped in college slang, full of college enthusiasm, she fairly devoured with affectionate kisses a "sister" in her society whom she accidently met. In the sixty miles of travel her neighboring travelers could not help but get much of her story and a complete account of her itinerary home. By this information, shot recklessly across the backs of the seats of a dusty day coach, her fellow travelers found that there were two more changes and then the "local train" would stop at a flag station, where she would "telephone the folks," and her brother, who had a new Ford, would come and fetch her from four miles out in the country. "My! Wouldn't she be glad to get home!" and she "bet her mother would be glad, too!" Visions of that farm mother with the chickens, butter making and dinner for hearty men, rose as a background to this college girl. We wonder if the home-coming would bring unqualified cheer to the mother and father. Let us hope so.

Across Iowa in a Slow Train. If you travel from east to west of the great trunk lines that cut into sections Iowa at this season of the year, the journey is not only pleasant and comfortable but luxurious, with Pullman car comforts, dining-car delicacies, porter courtesies. But if you attempt to cut across lots from north to south, where all the connections miss and where every hamlet stops the train, where the war is discussed by the officials while the express matter is loaded and unloaded, a long, long day with only a sandwich snatched for noon luncheon and the newsboy's bananas and coca-cola bottle for supper, and the increasing probability of being late at your lecture, it is an experience that is not wholly enjoyable. And still such an experience is well worth taking once in a while. A slow train enables one to really feel the mighty fertility of Iowa, the great strides made since first the Editor began to travel the unshaded and largely unfenced prairie desolations and the still greater changes that are to come make the scenery sublime. O, the great ocean like stretches of clover fields, red in their fragrant blossoms, the great cornfields and the waiting silos, the platoons of pigs, red, white and black, little ones, "shoats," "middlers" and big fat capitalists in the porcine world, and then the cattle, white faced and black, spotted Holsteins, proud Guernseys, and demure, gentle Jerseys, the "Gentleman farmers" riding in their cultivators and their disk plows, driving their teams, four horses abreast. All this you get when you travel *across* the trunk lines on a slow train in Iowa on your way to a "Commencement." You grow cross over the neces-

sity of a transfer of three-quarters of a mile from one depot to the other into what looks like the center of a measily little station, but when you find the rattling buss drawn by a spanking black team without a blemish, worth $600, and you notice the gardens with their toothsome long rows of onions, at just the right stage, aye, and the blooming peonies and all that, you feel like a lord traveling through his stately estate.

Presto! your rattling little "local train" stops at a tree embowered town, and lo, you are in the midst of a heavenly bedlam, it is Commencement Day at "The College" and bevies of girls, chattering like blackbirds, boys crying, hurrahing, cheering, bantering, like some great battalions of bluejays. Instantly every seat is occupied, all the aisles are crowded, the train is delayed half an hour to take on the trunks, and it takes sixty miles of disturbance along the road before there is a vacant seat, or a silent moment. But the honest, pious farmer who has the seat with the lecturer, at last breaks out with a saintly groan: "Well, what do you think of that! I never expected to see young ladies play cards in public like that!" But though the train was much belated the lecturer was on time, and the "best class ever" was graduated from one of the best high schools in the state in one of the prettiest little Opera Houses in that section of the state, and everybody was happy. Then the escape in an automobile, an eight-mile dash through the dark, catching a midnight train, now on a trunk line with its hospitable Pullman,—blessings on the man who invented a sleeping car,—and the lecturer who had given four college addresses in a week in three different states of the Union, woke up in a suburb of Chicago in time to stand with the dear old friend of over forty years' acquaintance, with the little ones he first knew, grown up men and women now, by the coffin side of the beloved mother and the self-denying grandmother. It was Saturday and next day was Flower Sunday at All Souls Church.

Jenkin Lloyd Jone

A DAY AND A FRIEND.

We sat upon the shore, my friend and I;
The lake lay rocking in the morning shine,
Odors of gum were round us, and a pine
Played music while the waves danced ceaselessly.
Joy of wild woods and waters and blue sky
Flowed through our spirits like celestial wine;
We talked of poets' hopes and thoughts divine,
And he was generous and I was shy.
O golden heart of all that golden day,
Wise friend! So kind to my reluctant thought;
So gentle with the grace that went astray
Through stammering speech and woodland ways untaught!
He read me by the things I dared not say,
And loved me for the trust that doubted naught.

—*Obadiah Cyrus Auringer.*

A Soul's Tragedy

Paper read by Evelyn H. Walker before the Class in Literature, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Feb. 6, 1911

This drama was first published in "Bells and Pomegranates" in 1846, the year of Browning's marriage. The first act is written in verse, the second in prose, expressive, as the author explains, of the poetry and prose in the life of Chiappino. The *dramatis personæ* are Eulalia and Luitolfo, betrothed lovers; Chiappino, their friend; Ogniben, the pope's legate, and citizens of Faenza. Time, the sixteenth century; the place, Faenza.

The story is briefly this: Chiappino and Luitolfo were friends from childhood, born in the same town and into similar circumstances. But at the time the play opens, Chiappino has already exhausted his own resources and a part of his good-natured friend's with the numerous fines he has been compelled to pay in consequence of his championship of unpopular causes.

In the opening Act, Chiappino is waiting with Eulalia for Luitolfo's return from the Provost's, whither he had gone to intercede for Chiappino, against whom an edict of exile had been passed. He is dividing his time between resentfully depreciating his friend's efforts in his behalf and making love to his friend's betrothed. As they talk, Luitolfo rushes in with blood upon his garments and, as he imagines, a mob at his heels. He has struck the Provost and believes himself a murderer. Chiappino promptly puts on Luitolfo the disguise intended for his own flight and sends him on the road he had himself intended to take. He then delivers himself up to the populace, taking upon himself Luitolfo's guilt, notwithstanding Eulalia's protest, "You would for worlds you had denied at once," and, presently, finding the act a popular one, is not the less inclined to its ownership.

The second Act is laid in the market place, where the populace is assembled opposite the Provost's palace in the expectation of seeing its doors opened for Chiappino. Luitolfo, in disguise, mingles with the crowd, and it transpires that he has been concealed on one of his estates near-by, receiving daily intelligence from Eulalia and awaiting a favorable moment for returning, since it turns out that the Provost was only wounded after all. He learns from conversation with the bystanders that Chiappino is candidate for the office of Provost and for the hand of Eulalia, also of the arrival of Ogniben, the pontifical legate, who enters on mule-back, trotting briskly and humming softly to himself, "I have known three and twenty leaders of revolts;" having come, as he says, out of good will to the city, to try to quiet the disorder before Rome hears of it and sends to quiet it in another way. After much glib reasoning he finally offers the Provostship to Chiappino who, despite his democratic principles and his hatred of a paternal government, at length compounds with his convictions, concluding that a paternal government is not really bad when administered by a wise and just ruler, like himself.

The wily legate continues leading Chiappino on to braid the rope to hang himself, and at length throws out an opportunity for the actual assailant of the Provost to avow his deed. When Luitolfo accepts the situation and comes forward to acknowledge his guilt and relieve his friend of an unearned responsibility,

Chiappino, thus convicted of fraud, promptly accepts the legate's suggestion that he "go aside for a time till he grows better," and is last seen disappearing by the Lugo gate. The Legate thereupon dismisses the crowd, takes possession of the keys of the palace, and rides away humming, "I have seen four and twenty leaders of revolts."

This play differs from most of Browning's dramas in that it contains no one character standing out to challenge grandly our admiration and love.

Of Luitolfo, with face and deed like an open book, which he who runs may read, little need be said. He was not a great character for a drama,—you might find a dozen of him living around the corner,—but a good man to have on a committee or a Board of Trustees, or wherever things are likely to get tangled and need untangling;—

> A happy-tempered bringer of the best
> Out of the worst.

The world has great uses for its Luitolfos. He was a true lover, though not an ardent one,—he would have sent Eulalia away with Chiappino for her own safety, but apparently did not think to ask her to go with himself, though the same reason for her going still existed when he went,—and a staunch and loyal friend, whose temperamental lack of physical courage but accentuated the loyalty of risking his life for the ungrateful and unworthy Chiappino. Though perhaps not the most interesting of the group, he was the one to be trusted farthest and longest. He was every inch a friend.

Eulalia is classed among "Shrewd Women" by Miss Mary Burt in her book on "Browning's Women" and, curiously enough, she forms a class by herself in the Browning world, if Miss Burt is right. Did her kind not appeal to Browning? I simply throw off the question as I pass on.

In the first Act Eulalia is true as steel to her betrothed, though sympathetic and almost affectionate to Chiappino, notwithstanding he is unmanly enough to persecute her with his protestations of love at a time when she is already in deep distress over Luitolfo's prolonged absence. In the second, she nearly or quite compromises herself by listening to Chiappino and giving warrant by her silence, if in no other way, to the popular rumor that she is to marry him. That she should think it necessary to justify her choice of Luitolfo to Chiappino by any prevarication seems inconsistent and at variance with her former self, for she had seemed too strong a woman to be dependent upon other people's judgments, and she certainly knew Luitolfo too well to think that he needed any further trial. Here, by contrast, she reminds one of Lowell's fine criticism on

> One who never erred
> And yet was never nobly right.

Perhaps she allowed her curiosity and her love of philosophizing to strangle the woman in her until she, as well as Chiappino, fell from poetry into prose, for her dissembling worked no good to Chiappino or to anyone else, nor is it anywhere intimated that she had any expectation it would.

The papal Legate, Ogniben, was a man of better head than heart, and he, far more than Eulalia, merits the adjective "shrewd" in the superlative sense. He holds Chiappino and all the Faenza populace in the hollow of his hand, playing on their weaknesses and their passions as a musician plays the keys of his instrument. There are politicians of all degrees of shrewdness. This one, of the mth degree, was shrewd enough to see that his and the State's interests were best furthered by furthering those of the people. But in addition to this political sagacity, he was endowed with an unusual insight and appreciation. "I preserve the proportions of my sympathy," he said, "however finelier or widelier I may extend its action," adding, "I desire to be able, with a quickened insight, to descry beauty in corruption where others see foulness only; but I hope I shall also continue to see a redoubled beauty in the higher forms of matter, where already everybody sees no foulness at all; God has his archangels and consorts with them, though he made, too, and intimately sees what is good in the worm,"—a rather remarkable parallel to Emerson's lines,

> And in the mud and scum of things
> There alway, alway something sings.

This fine insight in the Legate seems out of keeping at times with the light and airy political logic and the sophistry with which he temporizes and helps Chiappino out of his quagmires for the time being, only to land him at length in still deeper mire. The poet would seem to use him as a lay figure into whose mouth he puts the wisdom which he is otherwise unable to get uttered, since the dramatic form gives no place for first-hand speech. At times he is almost oracular in speeches which seem to have little bearing on the subject in hand, or little evident relation to his own character, such as this: "Youth, with its beauty and grace, would seem bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for really becoming so of ourselves, without their aid when they leave us."

The drama is full of side-lights on the character of Chiappino. While Eulalia trembles for the safety of Luitolfo, Chiappino, upon whose errand he has gone and for whose sake he is exposing himself to danger if not to death, is thinking of himself and his own "peculiar lot," as he styles it, so made to a great extent by his habit of morbid introspection. His eyes, as now, are ever turned inward upon himself and his own ill-fortune. His is the deadly sin of ingratitude, for he resents the kindness of his friend, impugns his motives, and tries to steal his betrothed, while at the same time he accepts his favors. This love for Eulalia would seem not to have been very deep seated, for when the test came it failed, and even while professing his love he seeks to be revenged upon her for her failure to return his passion. A better name for such a feeling is jealousy. This disappointment gave him another sweet sorrow to gloat over, for Chiappino dearly loved a grief and doted on his daily miseries. He had the Teutonic virtue of loving to tell disagreeable truths, partly because they *were* disagreeable.

> True, I thank God I ever said, "You sin,"
> When a man did sin; if I could not say it,
> I glared it at him; if I could not glare it,
> I prayed against him; then my part seemed over.
> God's may begin yet; so it will, I trust.

His finest climax loses something in effect from his pompous declaration, "Now I'll say something to remember,"—reminding one of Emerson's caution to "beware the man who says, I am about to make a revelation." Chiappino was seized by a generous impulse when he saw his friend in apparent danger from the

mob, but he all too speedily dropped into prose and continued the deception when he discovered that the move was a popular one. From this time on, the grade down hill was an easy one. He became a shining mark for the Legate who, having had some conversation with the wounded Provost, came on the scene with the truth concerning the real assailant. And so, "not altogether at once,"—it takes a little time for the bacillus of self-deception to develop,—Chiappino loses himself in an array of fine words, abandons principle, repudiates love, forswears friendship. In the words of Eulalia, "So we profess, so we perform." Truly, a pitiful story.

But there is another side to the shield, albeit not too bright. Chiappino at least had his ideals. He deprecated his lies and apologized for them, though in a not over-manly fashion:

Yet could not for my death
(The thing that tempts me most) help speaking lies
Through sheer incompetence to rid myself
Of the old miserable lying trick
Caught from the liars I have lived with.
God, did I not turn to thee?
It is thy prompting I dare to be ashamed of, and thy counsel
Would die along my coward lips, I know,
But I do turn to thee.

Chiappino had grasped the great law of Nature's uniformity, the foundation of all faith:

I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility—Spring shall plant
And Autumn garner to the end of time.
I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong while he endures;
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, Nature's good and God's.

Chiappino's first impulses, the true measure of the man, were still noble, and for a fleeting moment he would have saved his friend's life at the cost of his own. And though that moment was short-lived, it was genuine while it lasted, and so made a bright page in his life's history.

Here I would forestall the critic, with his "Words, words, my Lord." Even the little good in Chiappino is profession, it may be said. Granted. Here the Legate helps us out. He says it lightly, but it is no joke. His irony conceals a profound truth when he says: "Ever judge of men by their professions! For though the bright moment of promising is but a moment and cannot be prolonged, yet, if sincere in its moment's extravagant goodness, why, trust it and know the man by it, I say—not by his performance; which is half the world's work, interfere as the world needs must, with its accidents and circumstances; the profession was purely the man's own. I judge people by what they might be,—not are, nor will be."

But the crux of this drama lies in the question, Why the title? Why A Soul's Tragedy? Or why a tragedy at all? Certainly the play is no tragedy in the ordinary theatrical sense, which requires a tragedy to end in the death of one or more of the principal characters. It is not the kind which a certain well-known dramatist is said to have made of his first play, in which he killed off his entire set of *dramatis personæ* in the first act, thus obliging himself to create a fresh set for the second. That was the indubitable tragedy of the out-and-out, utterly objective sort, admittedly so from pit to gallery. But there is a deeper tragedy, such as is covered by Dante's definition, "the bad end of a good beginning," or by Chaucer's, in his Prologue to the Monk's Tale, where he explains that

Tragedie is for to seyn a certyn storie
Of him who stood in great prosperitie,
And is fallen out of high degree
Into miserie and endeth wretchedly;

in other words, when the catastrophe is unhappy, be the prosperity from which the subject falls either outward or inward; and in the Browning perspective, the thing that counts is ever

The development of a soul,—little else is worth study.

Porter and Clarke explain the tragedy element in this drama easily by saying, "whose soul's tragedy was his failure to live out the democratic ideal of liberty which he possessed." Again Mrs. Sutherland Orr disposes of the question rather lightly, if not flippantly, by saying, "It is no tragedy for the reader, because he has never believed in that particular 'soul,' though its proprietor and his friends are justly supposed to do so." And Stopford Brooke gives it up entirely. "Why this little thing is called a 'Soul's Tragedy'," he says, "I cannot quite understand. That title supposes that Chiappino loses his soul at the end of the play. But it is plain from his mean and envious talk at the beginning with Eulalia that his soul is already lost."

Let us grant the justice of the severest strictures upon the character of Chiappino at the beginning of his career. Grant that he was egotistical, selfish, ungrateful, disagreeable, arrogant, pompous, anything you please for which the text furnishes the slightest warrant. You still have left a love for truth, a loftiness of ideals; still you have left a man, a common man, bearing in his heart the loves and hates, the joys and woes of a common humanity. What then does the poet mean to teach but this, that even the commonest man is a true subject for poetic study, that the fall of even such, ever so little, the lowering of his ideals by even a hair's breadth, is deep cause for grief, is high subject for tragedy,—that "the meanest of God's creatures has two soul-sides, one to face the world with, one to show"—the poet, the man of insight, who enters closest into the counsels of the Almighty. This poem teaches again the central truth in "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon,"

We're good enough for God
Tho' the world casts us out,

and drives home one more time, one more way, the heart of the lesson of Rabbi Ben Ezra, the transcendent worth of

All the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account.
* * * * * * *
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God,
Whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

TRANSFORMATION

Over the hillside and down to my door,
The tree-tops are covered with glory of spring;
Who would have dreamed when the winter was o'er,
Such fragrance would flourish and birds would sing?

Is this the snow that in wild, stormy days,
Fell at their feet and encircled their stems?
Is it their sorrow transformed into praise?
Or patience rewarded with garlands of gems?

—*William Brunton.*

Unity, April 30, 1896.

My Library—No. XXVII.

There is a class of books and a class of authors of such books, to which I can think of no description that quite so appropriately belongs, as Edward Dowden's "aristocratic *dèlicatesse.*" They are books that, when you handle or read them, make you wish you were altogether more finished both within and without than you are, in fact, refined enough to be fit for their delectable companionship. I confess to something of this feeling when, for instance, I take from its place a volume of Hamilton W. Mabie's, although, as I think of the rather solid visit I once had with Mr. Mabie, I almost feel that it is something like an insult to say of him that he is *dèlicatesse,* unless I emphasize duly at the same time the idea of the certain gracious robustness of conception and aristocracy of expression that characterize him, just as surely. Perhaps after all it is never this alone that so pleases me. I am quite sure a better description would be clean strength, something that bears you up without contamination. If the books of William Winter—"Shakespeare's England," "Grey Days of Gold," "Old Shrines and Ivy," "Brown Heath and Blue Bells"—do not come as near to illustrating the idea I have in mind as any, I am at a loss. Such novels, too, as Jane Austen's bring it to mind fresh. Such correspondence as that between Emerson and Carlyle, such letters as those of James Russell Lowell, such poetry as Longfellow's, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's, such Journals as John Woolman's and in part Amiel's, suggest it frequently and forcibly enough to convert what momentarily seems so diverse into a unity of effect that abides. These are the books for indescribable moods, for soul isolation, for the hour that must be filled. The fellow-feeling that run through all of Mr. Winter's "Shadows of the Stage," too, is very near to the mark of this high calling. Charles Warren Stoddard's books—"South Sea Idyls," "Exits and Entrances," "The Island of Tranquil Delights"—are all of this stamp, in a prose which was fluent and musical enough for them, as W. D. Howells says, and for you too. Spenser's "Fairy Queen," once you get in the habit of reading in it, grows upon you as does the face of a worthy friend. Tennyson's "Idyls," or Morris' "The Earthly Paradise," transports one to other lands and times; and oh, how restful the harborage may be! All of Robert Bridge's "Poems" waft you on wings as soft as thistle-down to realms of golden glory, and make you at home there, as if for eternity. The volume of "Golden Poems," by the late Francis Browne can bring heaven down through tree-tops from beyond the darkest clouds. Old Quarles takes you by the hand and comfortingly assures you that "The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I beheld him being found"; and then, as if this might not satisfy you, adds cheeringly, "No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at." "Whoever has had the good fortune to see Dr. Parr's wig," says the Rev. Sydney Smith, "must have observed that while it trespasses a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, it scorns even Episcopal limits behind, and swells out into boundless convexity of frizz." Now it happens that everyone has moments when to "trespass a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes" is like scaling the fence in younger days for apples that are guarded by dog and gun, and so of inestimable excellence if ever you once can get them! Reading the rest of Sydney Smith is equally good for all such moments. See how opportune this is: "I distinctly admit," says he, "that every man has a right to do what he pleases with his own." Does not this put you on solider ground than you had lately supposed? Then do "rest awhile," or else, "Hie on white-face," and not forget to take Andrew Lang's "Theocritus," and read once more, "The fainest meed of the gods is song," and "care not even so much as a toothless man does for walnuts, when rich pottage is beside him."

Yes, there are many books that lighten responsibility, promise something satisfactory in exchange, and make the future glow with unsuspected characteristics. Pepys' "Dairy and Correspondence";—who ever felt stirred to anything strenuous by this? And the "Diary and Letters" of Madame D'Arblay;—who ever kept steadily awake for long to anything very dynamic while reading these? And how soothing is even all the bustle in Pope's "Homer"! you amble along as though the "wrath of Achilles" was only a belated smile at most. Fairy Tales all these are, undoubtedly, with living-happy-forever-after not far ahead of any one living in them, so far as you can see. These books, and armfuls like them, in some respects, are rather to be chosen these days, I trow, than whole libraries of "thrillers" that leave no especial wave of permanent usefulness or comfort behind them. On many accounts, it were better to go sound asleep over the dictionary, for instance, than to be kept too wide awake over "problems" that never can be solved. "Day, like a weary pilgrim," says Longfellow, "had reached the western gate of heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latchets of his sandal shoon." Many a soul has need to learn to be as sensible while the day lasts and before eternal darkness overshadows it. Let us be thankful that books there are that will help us in this, if only we are gracious enough towards them to invite their better offices.

> Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
> For wisdom, piety, delight or use,

says an old saw; with this let us remember another, almost a better one still:

> The burning soul, the burdened mind
> In books alone companions find,

and then neither sin away this holy fellowship, stupidly or otherwise, nor what is worse still, never seek and cherish with our whole soul, unburnt and our whole mind unburdened.

Closely associated with these books for comfortable reading, are those for comfortable looking. I had an old, old friend who always prepared a modern book for reading by tearing out every picture to be found therein. He seemed to think they were mostly silly or misleading; at this, one does not wonder, for his usual literary regimen was the ancient classics in the original! On the contrary, I have always been glad to find "illustrations" in my books, and have even gone so far in the other direction as to pluck the better pictures from stray magazines and make a volume or two of them that I would hesitate to dispense with.

But my real feasting in this respect began when someone gave me a chance to "subscribe" to a big volume on "German Art" that was to come in twenty-five numbers, one monthly. How I did use

to wait for them, eagerly turn them over, and gloat over them, and feel lifted up beyond expectation when they came. These were followed by a similar experience with a similar series on "French Art"; and these, off and on, year after year, by other Art Volumes upon every sort of plan—Sargent's "Portraits," "Seuve's Porcelain," "Illustrations from Punch," "Master-Pieces of Art," "Rembrandt," "Hogarth," "Christy," "Shakespeare," "Dancing," "English Homes," "Turner," "Modern Painting"—"Cathedrals," English and French—"Moorish Remains in Spain," Black's "Color Books"—and scores of others like these, to be read in betimes, of course, but to be looked in at will, for medicine, for delight, for "letting-down," for a "sleeping-portion," for *"delicatessen"* bound to suit the palate at all times. Next to sweet music is the comforting effect of a careless wandering among the picture-books when "something to read" is out of the question. The periodical, "Life," bubbling over with refined folly as it is, has been a stand-by for years. "The International Studio" brings monthly a lot of pictures of every artistic subject imaginable, and invites one back to them forever after. Perhaps my friend was wiser than I; but I cannot help feeling that he ruthlessly deprived himself of much that was essentially good, by excluding illustrations from his books. Surely,

> If eyes were made for seeing,
> Then beauty is its own excuse for being,

whether found in the studio, the drawing-room, on the wide sea, or in the forests and fields. It were better, I am sure, always to yield oneself to the "perfect whole," even to the inclusion of all its imperfect parts, if such there be. SMITH BAKER.

Utica, N. Y.

FERNS IN THE CITY.

Where traffic pours along the pave
With such uncloistral din,
How strange to see your frondage wave,
A close-walled plot within!

You, of that wilding sisterhood,
Whose feet are wont to stray
Down the dim aisleways of the wood,
Far from the garish day.

How you must miss the homelike hush
Again and yet again,—
The twilight vespers of the thrush,
The matins of the wren!

How you must yearn above to peer
And see a leafy sky!
How you must lean and long to hear
A forest wind steal by!

How you must sorrow not to thrill
At every old refrain,—
The gurgling rapture of the rill,
The hill-song of the rain!

Your heart, an exile, ranges far
Down wood-ways drenched with dew;
And I, O fair familiar,
Am such an exile, too!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVIII.
Pedigree and Birth Stories

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." ii:40.
(King James Version.)

We find the birth stories and descent of Jesus only in Matthew and Luke. Perhaps some, still sensitive on the side of free criticism, may not like that rendered into poetry that has always been held as history, inspired revelation at that. Mark did not seem to know anything about this descent, or, if he did, did not consider it germane to his story, so he plunged right into the life of the Nazarene. John apparently cared still less for this tradition, but the exigencies that brought Matthew and Luke into being, seemed to be such as to need the confirmation of genealogy.

Whoever compiled Matthew wrote for the purpose of reassuring the Jews that the Nazarene was the Messiah and quoted the Old Testament as adequate authority. He believed in the authority of the Jewish scriptures, and that standpoint necessitated a genealogy. The prophets assumed that the Messiah was to be born of the line of David, was to be an enriched and glorified David, so Matthew carries the genealogy back to David, then to Abraham, and there stops, for the line had been made adequate.

Whoever compiled Luke had another constituency in mind. He wrote for the Gentiles and his view point was that Jesus brought his message to the whole world, that he established a new régime, a new order of things. Such would not care to know that Jesus was of the House of David, of the descent of Abraham; they wanted to know that he was with them, the

They wanted to know that he was with them, the child of God.

These two pedigrees do not agree and are neither of them credible. One starts from Joseph and the other from Mary. The Joseph account by Luke seems to be given with all innocence or ignorance of the Immaculate Conception and miraculous fatherhood, clothing Jesus with plain human antecedents.

Scholars have formed the conclusion that the accounts in Matthew and Luke of the birth, antecedents and early childhood of Jesus are after-growths not found in the earlier fragments, but after three or four centuries, when the Roman Catholic Church was busy, largely unconsciously and innocently, in planting flowers and vines round the solid column of the Reformer, the human Jesus.

In Matthew we have the Annunciation of the angels to Joseph, the story of the birth of Jesus, the marvelous story of the adoration of the Magi who travel all the way from the Euphrates guided by a star, to be present at the birth. Then comes the warning of the angels that Herod desires the life of the child, so the Carpenter of Nazareth takes the mother and child and stays in Egypt until he hears of the

death of Herod, which took place after the massacre of the Innocents. Then they return to Nazareth.

In Luke the Annunciation is made not to Joseph but to Mary, who visits Elizabeth, her cousin and prospective mother of John the Baptist. That which is unique in Luke is the Magnificat, a wonderful poem nobly used by the musicians. The birth of Jesus follows, after which the shepherds, beholding an angelic host in the field by night, visit the baby Jesus. These shepherds do not figure in the Matthew account. Then comes the story of the circumcision of Jesus, not given in any other Gospel, the Presentation in the Temple at Jerusalem, the return to Nazareth and the appearance of Jesus when twelve years old in the Temple.

We want to remember that these rich poetic fancies represent the embellishments of the Catholic Church and are the forces that after a while glorified the Mother Mary into an object of worship, and lifted her child into the glorified center of the universe.

The story of the Magi, supposed to have been Persian astrologers, coming from the region of the Euphrates, a very long journey if taken on camel back, is miraculous, and the Flight into Egypt is quite as incredible. Neither the Magi nor the Holy Family could have made their journeys without military escort and it would have required a caravan either way. There is no evidence outside of Matthew of so drastic an event in the movement of Christianity as the Slaughter of the Infants, which could hardly have escaped the pen of a man like Josephus, and which was entirely unnecessary in order to find the right baby in a hamlet the size of Bethlehem, which could hardly contain more than twenty babies. A verse in Micah says that the Prince, the Messiah expected, would be born out of the home of David, and David was a Bethlehemite. The writer of Luke manages it. A census by family was to be taken by edict of Rome. Joseph takes his wife to Bethlehem to be registered, at which time Jesus was born. However, history gives the date of this census as 6 A. D. We also know that the Roman chronology is four years behind the Christian era, which would make Jesus ten years old when born. Hence critics make the Bethlehem birth as a part of the after mythology, a legend growth.

These comments may seem ungracious, but we want to clear our minds. At the same time let us not be Unitarian iconoclasts. Not so scholarly as some writers, but so frank and fearless that he scared his friends, is Dr. Lester in his books, "The Historic Jesus." How he came to write this valuable work is indicated in a word from his preface:

"In the year 1902, a lady at an hotel table in Florence, discussing the changes which the broadening of knowledge was making necessary in the religious traditions of the world, exclaimed in a tone which betrayed the anxious consciousness of responsibility:

"'What am I to teach my boys?'

"To the author, the question seemed like a personal challenge, and, although he had been actively engaged in the work of the Christian ministry for thirty years, it was impossible to answer it by reference to traditional beliefs, as upheld by various ecclesiastical authorities, since they were the very things in question.

"He, therefore, took the matter very much to heart, and, as he had acquired leisure for study by the resignation of the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee, after twenty-two years of service, the way of duty seemed clear to become once more a learner, and to acquire for his own benefit, and then for the benefit of others, such more intelligent solutions of many religious problems as is made possible by the larger scholarship of the present day."

Perhaps a more learned and technical work is "The Prophet of Nazareth," by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt. A little book by Dr. Henry A. Miles, a Unitarian minister, "The Birth of Jesus," goes fully into these subjects.

In line with this lesson we have a chapter out of real life in the *Alton Times* of February 1st, in which the editor publishes this letter, dated January 30, Brighton, Ill.:

"Dear Sir:—I notice in yesterday's *Times* that Reese announces a sermon upon the parentage of Jesus Christ. I want to say that if you publish his sermon, you may discontinue your paper to my address.

"The publication of Resse's discourse in last Monday's *Times* was a disgrace and an insult to all Christian people."

In commenting on this the editor explained that the address was published as an advertisement ordered inserted by the publicity committee of the Unitarian Church. All Alton was torn up over this sermon, "Whose Son was Jesus—God's or Joseph's?" Quite in line with our lesson this morning.

Many people have capitulated to their heads, have admitted the reason, have accepted the conclusions of science, but they have not surrendered their hearts. They are still sentimental believers in the creeds.

Perhaps the impiety that has brought on the war lodged right here. The great churches, the Catholic and Lutheran, which dominate Europe, have been absolutely nil in this problem. In Germany particularly there has been a wide breach between the tuition of the head and the practice of the heart. She has plenty of splendid scholarship, but her churches remain hidebound and tyrannical. In England the situation is different. The Church of England is permeated, through and through, with the higher criticism, the freer thought, the wider view. But organized Protestant Christianity in the United States is in a bad way because of this growing division between head and heart. We are imbecilic, religiously, in Chicago, with fifteen hundred preachers more or less, who are not an ethical or moral force in the city. May not the reason lie in the fact that there is such a chasm between the forms and fetters of the denominations and the inner convictions of preachers and church members?

I. Give synopsis of story of Birth of Jesus in Matthew and Luke.

II. Why do these stories differ so widely.

III. What of stories of the Magi and the flight into Egypt?

IV. What is situation today in regard to higher criticism and the churches?

The little daughter of a Chicago public school principal is now a pupil at the experimental school at the University, where she learns some things not taught in the regular city schools. One day her father found her crying. "What's the matter, Noreen?" he asked. "I fell and bumped my patella," she replied. (Remember, this was in Chicago and not in Boston.) Father was sympathetic. "Poor little girl," he said, and proceeded, with the best intentions, to examine her elbow. Noreen broke away. "Huh!" she snorted. "I said my patella! That isn't my elbow. My elbow is my great sesamoid." Father went for a dictionary.

—*Exchange.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Truth is not so much a branch as a blossom of moral, manly strength.

MONDAY.—Truth is a divine blossom upon an earthly root; of course it is in time not the earliest, but the latest virtue.

TUES.—To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world.

WED.—Truth, like the Venus di Medici, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess.

THURS.—Sublimity is the staircase to the temple of religion, as the stars are to immensity. When the vast is manifested in nature, as in a storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death, then utter the name of God before your child.

FRI.—Always exhibit before children, even upon the borders of the holy land of religion, solemn and devout emotions. Newton, who uncovered his head when the greatest name was pronounced, thus became without words a teacher of religion to children.

SAT.—Let the Protestant child show reverence to the Catholic images of saints by the roadside. Let him as lovingly accept different forms of religion among men as different languages. Every genius has most power in his own tongue, and every heart in its own religion.

—Jean Paul Richter.

AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be.
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

—Henry Van Dyke, in "The White Bees."

The Robin a Barometer

Everyone will have noticed how the garden robin sings all the year round in spite of rain and frost and snow, when no other bird except the wren is bold enough to keep him company. A correspondent carries this common observation a point further by the discovery that his particular robin sings not in spite of rain, but because rain is coming. This is partly because he is supreme as an insect feeder, and insects are always moved by the approach of rain. Food is then plentiful near the ground, from which the robin is never far removed, and, unlike other birds, he is stirred to song much more by sheer pleasure in living than by mere love emotions. It follows that in summer and autumn the approach of rain can often be foretold by the energy of the robin's song, and the jenny wren gives the same warning.—*London Mail.*

A Perfect Little Home

"The most perfect little home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with the children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf, which in spite of her hard housework she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and homemaker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and enlargement of wide culture, here would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

WHEN LITTLE SISTER CAME

We dwelt in the woods of the Tippecanoe,
In a lone, lost cabin, with never a view
Of the full day's sun for a whole year through.
With strange half hints through the russet corn
We three were hurried one night. Next morn
There was frost on the trees, and a sprinkle of snow
And tracks on the ground. We burst through the door,
And a girl baby cried—and then we were four.

We were not sturdy, and we were not wise,
In the things of the world, and the ways men dare;
A pale-browed mother with a prophet's eyes
A father that dreamed and looked anywhere.
Three brothers—wild blossoms, tall fashioned as men
And we mingled with none, but we lived as when
The pair first lived, ere they knew the fall;
And loving all things we believed in all.

—Joaquin Miller.

"Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out thy palms again,
And say: Though the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He hath labored, alas! in vain,
But for the shade,
That the cloud hath made,
And the gift of the dew and the rain."

—John Banister Tabb.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

BOYCOTT THE FLY!

A nation-wide war has been declared against the house-fly. Unlike the swat-the-fly movement, which is making warfare on flies by means of killing them, the new campaign is to annihilate the danger of flies by "boycotting" them.

So the "Boycott-the-Fly" League has been launched, with Ferdinand Herb, M. D., as its chairman. The other charter members are Arnold Joerns, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Anderson Pace, Carter H. Harrison, Henry C. Lytton, Rev. John Timothy Stone, D. D., Peter S. Lambros, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Dr. John Dill Robertson, Commissioner of Health of Chicago.

Speaking for the "Boycott-the-Fly" League, Dr. Herb said:

"The nation-wide war against the death-dealing common fly has awakened the people to a more intelligent realization of the fly peril. We have now arrived at a stage when the co-operation of the public may be depended upon.

"The principal danger of the fly is the infection of our national food supply, especially in large cities, where the germs of disease abound. Though the public is well aware of the fly-peril, it will be impossible to bring about sanitary conditions until all the vendors of food become themselves vitally interested in the cleanliness of their products.

"Some intelligent women are already demanding that dealers keep flyless stores. But the great public at large, the many housewives who know the danger of the fly from hearsay, but do not read the learned articles published continually in magazines and newspapers, still continue to buy from the baker, grocer, fruitman, confectioner or huckster, no matter how infested with flies his place of business may be."

"To also reach this vast class of women, it is necessary to remind them of the fly danger every time they buy food. If this can be accomplished, the needed lesson will be driven home so forcibly, that no dealer in fly-exposed food can withstand its consequences. The protection of the food against flies, instead of being under the sanitary or police regulation, then becomes a commercial matter. The stream of business will soon turn to the dealer who is clean and protects his goods from the death-dealing contamination of flies.

"All the many difficult-to-enforce laws for the protection against flies that exist at present, become superfluous as soon as restaurant keepers, bakers, grocers, fruit dealers, and all other food merchants find THAT IT PAYS to keep flies out. They then will not only apply all known means to free their places from flies, but the ingenuity of everyone will be stimulated by the almighty commercial instinct to go one better than the rest.

"The feat of reminding the housewife of the danger of flies is thereby accomplished by enacting a law which compels all those selling or dispensing articles of food of any and every description to hang up cards in conspicuous places with the following reading matter:

> BOYCOTT THE FLY
>
> Flies Carry Disease
>
> Beware of Food Exposed to Flies

"Hanging up these signs is automatic in its effect, and reaches principally those women who cannot be reached in any other way and will continue to patronize the careless vendor of food, unless warned daily and with every purchase."

One of the means by which the League proposes to accomplish its purpose is to ask the City Council to pass an ordinance compelling every wholesale or retail dealer in food products to keep the sign suggested by Dr. Herb conspicuously hung in his place of business.

It is proposed that these signs be furnished by the city that they will not be an expense to the dealer. The dealers to be affected include drug stores, delicatessens, meat markets, grocery stores, fruit stands, both indoors and out, peddlers' carts, in fact every wholesale or retail food business.

Prominent retailers are expressing themselves in favor of the proposed ordinance. It puts it up to the dealer to keep his establishment free from flies, because he is educating the public to boycott fly-poisoned food.

The "Boycott-the-Fly" League wants everybody to become a fly boycotter. Membership in the league is within everybody's reach, for there are no dues. To become a member one must simply pledge himself not to ever again eat food on which flies have been seen, or which is unnecessarily exposed to flies.

The League also wants all self-appointed members to write two letters, one to the League advising that they have joined, and another to their alderman asking for the enactment of the "Boycott-the-Fly" ordinance.

WILL-TO-PEACE VERSUS WILL-TO-WAR

"Never as the Will-to-Peace so deep and widespread as now." So writes me a Swiss soldier as he listens to the thunder of French and German guns in the greatest war the world has known.

The contrast is curious,—between the Will and the Deed.

The Will-to-Peace, right round the world, is infinitely stronger than the Will-to-War.

But the lesser force is compact, well-organized, and resolute. The greater force is scattered, unorganized, irresolute.

One ton of gunpowder within the narrow, well-directed tubes of a few cannon will accomplish far more than a million tons of the same stuff burning loose over a mountain range. If only we could concentrate the million tons of peace-power as the ton of war-power is concentrated, the Switzer's paradox would be impossible. There would be no war.

The great need of the hour is to focus and direct the pacific purpose of the planet.

The need is perhaps most acute in the United States, for on this nation the greatest issues depend. I have been in this country not three weeks. But I have been long enough to feel, pervading American society like an atmosphere, a noble passion for peace. Were it only compressed within the grooves of one straight purpose and trained on one sure mark, the result would be commensurate with the place and dignity of the nation.

But alas! the heterogeneity of its aims is positively bewildering. Any number of groups, actuated by the most praiseworthy motives, are rushing hither and thither, proclaiming as many panaceas, announcing this, that, or the other improvised specific, with scarcely a thought of combination, or of the main line of historical evolution, or of the prospect of securing effective agreement.

Of most of these miscellaneous proposals I have no hard word to say. They reflect more or less clearly the amiable character of the minds that produce them. They may be very useful as educative auxiliaries to a better-focused aim. But it seems to me that there is a great danger of their fritter-

ing away the immense fund of pacific energy.

"Divide and conquer" as the motto of the victorious Roman. "Be divided and be conquered" expresses the weakness of vanquished Peace.

Can we not avoid this grave disaster?

Can we not,—to change the metaphor,—crystallize one supersaturated solution of American Will-to-Peace round some definite, practicable point?—From "How to Unify the Peace Movement," by F. Herbert Stead, in the *American Review of Reviews* for June.

BOBBY GAYLOR'S CREED

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me.
Let me praise a little more.
Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be.
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter,
Make life a bit completer
By doing what I should do
Every minute of the day.
Let me toil without complaining
No humble task disdaining,
Let me face the summons calmly
When death beckons me away.

Phone Douglas 3882 Established 1873

Wm. Wilson

Dealer in

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Glazing Tools, Cutlery and Hardware

We Give National Mileage Coupons with All Cash Purchases

3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue :-: Chicago

R. Franz

Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats

Fresh Vegetables and Fruits in Season

Telephone, Douglas 7014

732-734 East 39th Street - Chicago

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE LIBERAL MINISTRY

Including special courses to meet the growing demand for **Parish Assistants**, Sunday School Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship provisions, including **two summer sessions** at **The University of Chicago.** Traveling fellowship yielding $810. **Religious education** and **social service institutes** during the **summer quarter** open to special students with scholarship aid.

Apply to F. C. Southworth, President

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

Meadville, Pennsylvania.

FONGER'S

Sanitary Bakery

Special Orders

Cakes and Pies of All Kinds

3852 Cottage Grove Ave. **Phone, Douglas 5962**

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

A New Customer

FOR

Ira J. Mix Dairy Company

361 East 30th Street

Phone, Douglas 515-516

MEANS

You receive $1.00 provided customer deals with us 60 days; if goods and service are satisfactory, we shall expect the customer to continue longer.

Customer's Name _____

Address _____

Sender's Name _____

Address _____

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

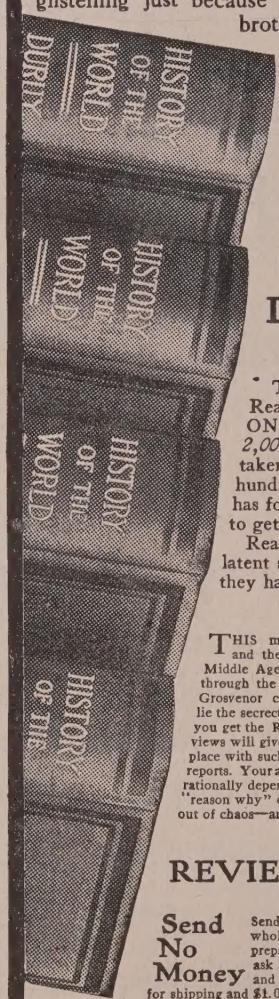
FRUITS and VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

WAR! What Is It All About?

HAS the whole world gone stark mad over a very foolish and trivial question? Are swords rattling, cannon rumbling, mailed armour glistening just because Russia wanted to show her love for the little brother—Servia?

Tear aside the curtain of Europe's politics and see the grim and sinister game of chess that is being played. See upon what a slim, yet desperate, excuse the sacred lives of millions may be sacrificed. Read the history of the past one hundred years, as written by one of the greatest authorities the world has ever known, and learn the naked, shameful truth. Just to get you started as a Review of Reviews subscriber, we make you this extraordinary offer. We will give to you



FREE!

Duruy's History of the World

Four splendid cloth volumes, full of portraits, sketches, maps, diagrams

Today is the climax of a hundred years of preparation. Read in this timely, authoritative, complete, AND THE ONLY CONDENSED classic world history—of which *over 2,000,000 copies have been sold in France alone*—just what has taken place in the inner councils of Europe during the past one hundred years. Read in these entrancing pages how Russia has for years craftily been trying to escape from her darkness—to get a year-round open port, with its economic freedom.

Read how Germany and Austria, fearful of the monster's latent strength, have been trying to checkmate her and how they have pinned all in this last, supreme stake.

The Lesson of the Past

THIS master of the pen shows you the glory that was Greece's and the grandeur that was Rome's. He guides you through the Middle Ages, the picturesque old days of feudalism and the crusades; through the Renaissance up to contemporaneous history, which Prof. Grosvenor completes in brilliant manner. In the story of the past lie the secrets of today. And you will understand them better when you get the Review of Reviews for a year—for the Review of Reviews will give you a sane interpretation of the events that are taking place with such rapidity. It is not enough to read the daily news reports. Your ability to comprehend conditions, and to discuss them rationally depends on a true interpretation of the meaning and the "reason why" of events. In your mind you must bring order out of chaos—and the Review of Reviews will do it for you.

Get the REVIEW of REVIEWS for a Year

Send No Money

Send the coupon only. It brings the whole set—four volumes—charges prepaid—absolutely free. All we ask is that—after you get the books and like them—you send 25 cents for shipping and $1.00 a month for three months to pay for the Review of Reviews. If the books aren't worth more than you pay for books and magazine together, send them back at our expense. But be prompt. The world-wide fame of Duruy will make these 5,000 sets disappear from our stock room at once. Send your coupon today—and be in time.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Pl., N.Y.

Review of Reviews, 30 Irving Pl., New York:

Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, Duruy's History of the World in 4 volumes bound in cloth. Also enter my name for the Review of Reviews for one year. If I keep the books, I will remit in 10 days 25 cents for shipping and $1 per month for three months for the magazine and retain the History of the World without charge. Otherwise I will, within 10 days, return the books at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

For cash with order send only $3.00 and we will pay shipping charges.

The beautiful ¾ leather set costs only a few cents more. For a set of this luxurious binding, change 3 months above to 5 months, or send $5.00 cash in full.

Volume LXXV CHICAGO, JUNE 24, 1915 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

If you would be happy, dear friends, *be loving*,— not only in feeling, but in expression, in language, tone, manner, bearing. . . . *Begin with your children,* at once. Teach them, while you teach them to walk, to love, and to *show their love*. Enjoin it on them, that no treasure life will ever bring will be so precious as the love they may cultivate for and win from each other. Teach them that riches have wings, that ambition may be defeated even for art, literature, and every other pursuit, however refined. But *love* is a treasure that fades not; that earthly vicissitude impairs not, but shall only strenghten. . . . Love with our nearest ones must expand into benevolence toward all men, if it is to keep sweet, and enlarge and sanctify our hearts. —*Joseph May.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 259
Is the Church Disintegrating? 260
CONTRIBUTED—
William James, As He May Be Known by Those Who Never Met Him.—Edwin Alfred Rumball 263
My Library—XXVIII.—Smith Baker 266
Alfred Noyes, J. Vila Blake and James H. West.—James G. Townsend 268
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. XIX. Resurrection 267
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living.—*Emerson* 269
When I Was Little.—*Elizabeth West Parker* 269
Seeing Mother.—*Child's World* 269
Strange Food.—*Louise Jamison* 269
POETRY—
None Liveth to Himself.—*Minot J. Savage* 259
Life.—*Margaret Deland* 262
Good-By, Sweet Day.—*Celia Thaxter* 265
Drag the Roads.—*The Kansas Industrialist* 268
THE FIELD—
National Federation of Religious Liberals 270
A Wonderful Preserver of Wild Animals 270
Bret Harte's Advice to Writers 270

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

W. H. KIDWELL & SON
Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.

Florists and Decorators

923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830

3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

The Boulevard Florist
Telephone, Douglas 6461
405 East 39th Street
NEAR GRAND BOULEVARD
Chicago 2 Big Stores

Our Specialty
American Beauties, European and Domestic Plants, Freshly Cut Flowers for All Occasions, Swinging Baskets, Ferns, etc.

FREE *help make Chicago beautiful* FREE
Large sample lots of flower and vegetable seeds given away to our customers daily

Telephone, Douglas 665

John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS

3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

FOR **Ice Cream**
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO